

La Ronde

Mrs. White rose slowly from
her lover's husband's lover's bed,
turned her alabaster breasts
from her to dress and said

See you Friday, and went home
to lamb chops, petits pois
and an overcooked souffle.
Whatever happened to the old joie

de vivre, George? she asked her
husband. Who the hell knows? he moaned,
circumsizing a cigar,
dreaming of Friday afternoons.

-- William Matthews

"and still a child"

Coleridge
had a son
who wrote
excellent
poetry
on the walls of
Oxford University
about
mute children
and his father,
lived with Southey's family
and, having
failed to
succeed at life
came to Grasmere
as poets will
wrote there a while
had a volume
published
and died
as people will.
That's all I know
of Hartley Coleridge.

-- Michael Dransfield

New South Wales, Australia